THE LIFE and ACTIONS OF LEWIS DOMINIQUE CARTOUCHE:

Who was broke Alive upon the WHEEL At *PARIS*, *Nov.* 28. 1721. *N. S.*

RELATING AT LARGE

His remarkable ADVENTURES, desperate ENTERPRISES, and various ESCAPES.

WITH AN ACCOUNT

Of his Behaviour under Sentence, and upon the Scaffold; and the manner of his Execution.

Tranſlated from the *French*.

LONDON:

Printed for J. ROBERTS, in *Warwick-Lane*, 1722.

[Price 1 *s.* 6 *d.*]

THE LIFE and ACTIONS OF *CARTOUCHE.*

EVERY Thing relating to *Cartouche* has met with a favourable reception from the Publick; and the Name alone of this famous Criminal, plac'd in a Title Page, has been ſufficient to raiſe a great demand for the Book. Even a Play, called by his Name, has been acted with prodigious applauſe. Neither has his Fame been limited by the bounds of *France*; ſince our Neighbours of *England* and *Holland* have expreſt an equal curioſity on this head: inſomuch that they lov'd to ſee him mention'd in the *Gazette*, tho with no other Circum-

ſtance, than that he continued his Robberies, or that ſearch was made after him to no purpoſe. Such uncertain Accounts as theſe went down more pleaſantly than no News at all.

I am therefore in hopes that this account of a Man, who has made himſelf ſo famous, will prove no diſagreeable Amuſement; the rather, becauſe it is taken either from private Memoirs, from the authentick Records of the Proceſs againſt him, or from thoſe relations which he himſelf made in Priſon to People of good credit in *Paris*, who viſited him in his confinement. I am even perſuaded, that this Piece may be made a good uſe of, as it ſhews, by what means this wicked Man arriv'd to the higheſt pitch of Villainy: and may ſerve to convince us how fatal it may prove to begin with ſmall Crimes, which if once made habitual, never fail to draw Men into the moſt abominable Villanies; and that they prov'd at laſt the ruin of the unhappy Subject before us.

BUT ſo much for ſerious Reflexions. I take my leave of them, and believe my Reader will excuſe the few I have made, ſince they could not conveniently be left out in a Work of this kind; and I promiſe to trouble him with no more, but what his own Thoughts ſuggeſt to him.

Lewis

Lewis Dominique Cartouche was born at *Paris*, in the Year 1693. in a private Street in that City. His Father was a Cooper by profeſſion, a Man in indifferent Circumſtances, but one who took care to give his Children a good Education. Young *Dominique* ſeem'd the beſt qualified to improve by it, being a Lad of excellent natural Parts, a quick Apprehenſion, and a great Memory; ſo that in a little time he made himſelf Maſter of what is uſually taught to Children of his age and condition, and outſtript all his Schoolfellows. His Father obſerving this, took the more care of him, and got him into the College of the Jeſuits at *Paris*. But this ſtep, which was deſign'd for his Preferment, prov'd his Ruin. He found himſelf in the company of young People, related to the moſt conſiderable Fortunes and Families in the City. They had all of them a certain Allowance to ſpend upon their Diverſions, and were dreſt in Cloaths ſuitable to their Conditions. *Cartouche* was aſham'd to ſee himſelf ſo far outdone by them, and ſought means to repair by his Induſtry, what was wanting in his Fortune.

His firſt attempt was upon ſome Women who ſold Fruit at the College Gate; and he has own'd in Priſon, that the Succeſs he met with in pillaging theſe poor People, was the

chief cauſe of all his Crimes; becauſe it made him bold, and ready to undertake more conſiderable Robberies. After this, he would pilfer the Books of his Companions, by which means he got pretty handſomely. But not ſtopping here, he reſolv'd to ſtrike a Stroke of greater Conſequence, and as he has ſince ſaid, to go no farther; for he ſhould then be able to equip himſelf handſomely, and like a Gentleman, which was the only end he had in view by his Thieveries.

He was then but Eleven Years old, and had got into the favour of the young Marqueſs of *L* * * * who was in the ſame Form with him; and had the liberty of going into the Marqueſs's Chamber, and was much reſpected by his Governor, with whom he us'd to keep company for whole Days together. One Day being there according to cuſtom, he heard the *Valet de Chambre* ſay, he had receiv'd 100 Crowns, and ſaw him put them into a little Trunk. What a Treaſure was this for a young Scholar? Here was Money enough to make his Fortune. He could not keep his Eyes off of the tempting Bait, and he has lately own'd to ſeveral, that he did not ſleep for a Week together, for thinking of the Contents of the alluring Trunk.

What made him uneaſy, was not ſo much the difficulty of getting at the Money, as

the

the ſin of ſtealing it. He had till then committed only ſome petty Thefts, and was ſtartled at the horror of ſo conſiderable a Robbery. But his high Spirit ſcorning to appear little among his Schoolfellows, got the better of his Scruples; and perhaps he might think his extreme neceſſity was a good reaſon for taking it away. Being confirm'd in his reſolution, he obſerv'd the motions of the Governor and the Footman; and having one Morning ſeen them go out a walking, he thought it a proper time to ſet about his work.

THE Footman's Chamber was within his his Maſter's, and the latter only was faſten'd with a Key. As *Cartouche* ſate on the ſame Form with the Marqueſs, he took care to ſteal the Key out of his Pocket, and then ask'd leave of his Maſter to go out of School. Having got leave, he flies to the place where the Money lay, opens the Door, and looks for the Trunk, which was not where he ſaw the Footman put it; ſo that he ſpent ſome time before he could come at it. At laſt he found they had laid it on the top of a high Preſs, that was in the Room; ſo he put two Chairs one upon another, and clamber'd to the top of the Preſs. When he had got there, he made uſe of an Inſtrument belonging to his Father's Trade, with which he

broke

broke open the Trunk, and got to the Money. But it happen'd that in the nick of time, the young Marqueſs's Governor came back from walking, and ask'd him for the Key, which he not finding, the Governor thought he had left it in the Door, and going to the Chamber found it open.

CARTOUCHE, being in a hurry, had forgot to ſhut the door after him: So the Governor went in, and ſoon after the young Marqueſs came from School, and the Footman from abroad. It is eaſie to imagine the concern of the poor Thief upon the Preſs. He wrapt himſelf up as cloſe as he could, for fear of being ſeen, and was afraid to ſtir or even to draw in his breath. He heard People paſs backwards and forwards every moment, and the Marqueſs and his Governour diſcourſing about his being miſt ſo ſuddenly, which ſurpriz'd all the Scholars. The worſt of all was, the Footman being troubled with the Headach kept his Room, and did not go out again all day.

CARTOUCHE expected every minute the Footman ſhould ſee him, and every now and then was of the mind to jump down and diſcover himſelf; but the ſhame of being taken in ſo vile an Action, and the fear of the Puniſhment he ſhould be expos'd to, alter'd his reſolution. The night came on, which he

paſt

paſt without Sleep, or any appetite to reſt. Unfortunately the Footman grew worſe next day, which increas'd the Priſoner's deſpair. The leaſt motion the ſick Man made put him in a cold ſweat, and frighted him out of his Wits. In a word, he labour'd under many afflictions, of which an exceſſive Hunger and arching Thirſt were the leaſt conſiderable.

At laſt the poor Devil found deliverance; for the Footman having ſome Buſineſs abroad, *Cartouche* crept down from his melancholy Preſs, where he had kept about two Days. But before he had got out of the College he met the Governour, who had gone out with his Pupil, and came back with him. *Cartouche* had nothing to do, but ſhed a few Tears and tell ſome Lies, to excuſe himſelf for his abſence, which he did ſo artfully that he was not in the leaſt ſuſpected. They gave him ſomething to eat, which was very welcome; and promis'd to excuſe him to the Rector of the College, who threatned to puniſh him for going out without leave. As ſoon as he had got into the Street, he thought himſelf the happieſt Man in the World, having eſcap'd ſuch extreme danger, and being in poſſeſſion of 100 Crowns. He went to his Fathers, who chid him ſeverely; but he eaſily made his peace with him, by tel-

ling

ling him a fine Story, and next day went to the Fair of *S. Germains*. As he was coming home, one of his Brothers met him, and told him, that all was discover'd, and strict enquiry was made after him, in order to prosecute him with the utmost severity.

CARTOUCHE had no stomach to hear more particulars of the Story; he found by what he had heard, that *Paris* was like to be too hot for him: Therefore without taking leave of his Brother, he made the best of his way out of the City, and kept walking till he found himself twenty Miles out of Town, when he stopt, being too much tir'd to go any further. By this time it was Mid-night, and he was terrified to think that he was in danger of being plunder'd of the booty that he had stole; neither was there any Inn or House near him to retire to. He therefore was oblig'd to creep in a Thicket that was hard by, and endeavour to get a little Sleep, in expectation of the next Morning.

HE had scarce lain down, before he heard a confus'd noise about him, and perceiv'd by the light of the Moon several People come towards him. As they drew nearer he could distinguish their Voices, and that they talk'd in a Language he never had heard before. It is needless to describe the fright he was in

to ſee them ſettle within Ten Yards of him, Men and Women dreſt in antick habits, and acting as unaccountably; ſome Singing, ſome Dancing, others Eating, and others dreſſing Victuals.

He could think of nothing at that time, but that he was ſurrounded by a company of Witches, and Wizards, and Devils, and under this perſuaſion, he beg'd pardon for all his Sins, and commended himſelf to divine mercy. At laſt, ſome of the Company perceiv'd him, and pull'd him out to ſee who he was; and finding it was only a little Boy poorly habited, they continued their whimſical Geſtures, with the ſame freedom as before. This confirm'd *Cartouche* in his opinion that he was beſieg'd by Wizards and Spirits, and he roar'd out ſo terribly, that they were afraid his noiſe ſhould bring People in to diſturb them.

To make him quiet, they ſpoke to him in French, and told him they were Men like himſelf, tho' they were a little more tawny. This declaration gave him courage, and he ſat down and eat with them, and lik'd their Entertainment better than he had imagin'd it. Their Victuals were Pigs, Chickens, and Pigeons, and he never made a more hearty Meal in his life. Being thus full and at eaſe, he fell aſleep amongſt them, but when

he wak'd, he perceiv'd that they were a company of Gypſies, and had ſtolen away his 100 Crowns.

CARTOUCHE miſſing his Money, put himſelf into a paſſion: he threatned to bring 'em to Juſtice, and was in earneſt of that Mind. But an old Woman, who was of ſome authority amongſt 'em, brought him to another temper. She told him, it was impoſſible a Boy of his age, and of the condition he look'd to be in, ſhould come honeſtly by ſuch a Sum: that he muſt certainly have run away from his Father, and rob'd him; and that he ſhould go home again, if he had not Wit enough to hold his Tongue. Then ſhe wheedled him, telling him how merrily the Gypſies liv'd, and that he was a pretty Boy, and a Lad of Mettle, and advis'd him to go along with them. In fine, he was made a convert in leſs than an Hour's time, and ſhe promis'd he ſhould have his mony again out of the firſt lucky adventure they met withal. Under this diſcipline, *Cartouche* was let into Secrets he knew nothing of before; he learnt all the Cant that the Thieves uſe among themſelves; and how to conceal Thefts after he had committed them. In three Years time he had diſtinguiſh'd himſelf among his Comrades by his courage and dexterity, and would have been made Leader of the troop, had

had not the Parliament of *Rouen* profecuted them vigorouſly and diſperſed them. Seeing ſome of his Companions executed, others impriſon'd, and the reſt run away; he reſolv'd to ſeek his Fortune at Sea, and had certainly done ſo, had he not been prevented by one of his Uncles.

This honeſt Man, having buſineſs at *Rouen*, was walking upon the keys there, when he obſerv'd in a crowd of Dutch Sailors, a young Lad eating greedily ſome Scraps of Victuals they had given him. Tho' he had nothing on but Rags, and was very tann'd and tawny, yet he perceiv'd under this diſguiſe the features of his Nephew, who he thought was loſt, and the tears run down his cheeks. He threw himſelf about his neck, and expreſt a thouſand tokens of joy and affection. He carried him immediately to his Inn, made him undreſs himſelf, had him trim'd, and bought him the beſt ſuit of Cloths he could light upon ready made.

The very next poſt he wrote to *Cartouche*'s Father, that he had found his Son, who was thought to be loſt, and earneſtly importun'd him to receive his returning prodigal, who heartily beg'd pardon, and was deſirous to be admitted to his Favour, and to pay him all duty and obedience. The Father return'd a haſty anſwer. He ſaid, he

would never own him for a Son, who was a diſgrace to his Family; that he would have nothing to ſay to him, but ſhould take pleaſure to ſee him ſuffer as he deſerv'd; forbidding him to come into his ſight, for if he did, he would be the death of him.

Notwithſtanding this paſſionate Letter, *Cartouche* and his Uncle were not without hopes of pacifying the old Gentleman. They ſet out together for *Paris*, and got thither in the evening. For fear of being diſcover'd, *Cartouche* concealed himſelf in his Father's ſhop. As he led now a Life quite different from what he had been us'd to, it gave him a fit of ſickneſs, and in eight Days time the Phyſicians declar'd his caſe to be dangerous. It was then thought proper to give his Father notice of it, who little imagin'd his Son was ſo near him, and might perhaps be moved by ſeeing him in ſuch a condition. In fine, his anger was overcome by ſeeing his Son in the Article of death, and asking his pardon in the moſt ſubmiſſive terms. He gave him his Bleſſing, and went out of the Chamber.

From this time, *Cartouche* grew better every day, and his recovery ſeemed owing to his joy, for having made his peace with his Father. When he was able to go abroad, he endeavoured by a regular life

and

and Behaviour to attone for his paſt Follies; but this good diſpoſition did not laſt long. He was always of an aſpiring ſpirit, and affected to diſtinguiſh himſelf among his Acquaintance, by wearing good Cloaths, and to give himſelf an Air of Grandeur. This was the firſt Cauſe why he took to pilfering, and induced him to fall a ſecond time into the Miſery he had fortunately eſcaped.

He had not been long at his Father's, before he ſet his Heart upon a young Seamſtreſs, who liv'd in the ſame Street. Whatever good opinion he might have of her, he could not think ſhe would beſtow herſelf upon one who had nothing but Merit to plead in his behalf. For which reaſon he choſe to recommend himſelf by ſuch Charms as prove generally more taking with the Female Sex. He laid out all the Money he had acquir'd by a whole Year's Labour, to put himſelf into a genteel Garb; but all was not enough.

As his Miſtreſs was young and agreeable, ſhe was follow'd by Gallants of better Fortune than *Cartouche*, and ſhe was Coquettiſh enough, to be more or leſs condeſcending in proportion to the Preſents that were made her. *Cartouche* was ſenſible he could not equal their liberality, and that he had otherwiſe nothing to hope for from a Wench that

was

was mercenary; therefore reſolv'd to have nothing more to ſay to her. However, he was not ſtedfaſt enough to keep to his Reſolution, and choſe rather to take to his old Trade of thieving, than to be croſt in his Love. He firſt made bold with his Father's Caſh, from whence he took as much as ſerved to recommend him to the good Graces of his Seamſtreſs for a few Days.

In a little time the other Rivals made their appearance, and *Cartouche* in his turn was forc'd to make room for them; he was afraid of viſiting a ſecond time his Father's Hoard; for the old Gentleman, having miſt ſome Money, kept a watchful eye over him. He had therefore nothing to do, but to put in practice ſome of the Tricks he had learned among the Gypſies; and that which beſt fitted his purpoſe, was picking of Pockets. Fortune favour'd him, and he ſoon made ſo good a hand of Watches, Sword Knots, Snuff-boxes, and Handkerchiefs, that he had quickly enough to accommodate his Miſtreſs and himſelf. His Father was ſurprized to ſee him in ſo good a Garb, and ask'd him, how he came by it. He told him that he had had good luck at play. His Father knowing that he gamed ſometimes, was ſatisfied with his anſwer, and examined him no further. However, he kept a ſtrict watch over him, and at

laſt

laſt found out the place where he uſed to lay up his Booty.

His Father was ſtrangely ſurprized at the number and variety of Things he ſaw there. Beſides what he had made Money of, there were ſo many Equipages, Watches, Eſſence-Bottles, *&c.* that he thought he was looking into a Goldſmith's Show Glaſs. The honeſt Man left every thing as he had found it, and ſmothered his reſentment till he had an opportunity to ſhew it to ſome purpoſe. So he went to a Houſe of Correction out of Town, where he agreed to pay a reaſonable Conſideration to have his Son ſeverely chaſtiſed; and promis'd to invent ſome pretence or other to bring him thither in a Coach, at a certain Hour.

On the Morning appointed, old *Cartouche* ask'd his Son to go along with him out of Town, to a Gentleman who wanted to beſpeak ſome Tubs of him. *Cartouche* ſuſpecting nothing, conſented readily, and they took Coach together. When they came within a quarter of a Mile of the Houſe, young *Cartouche* perceived ſeveral Officers in diſguiſe, who ſurrounded them. As he knew the Houſe, this Circumſtance of the Officers made him ſmell the Plot; and he found he had nothing to truſt to but his Brain, to get himſelf off. When they came to the Door

of

of this dreadful Manſion, the Father went in firſt, and bid his Son walk in the Court-yard, till he ask'd leave of the Gentleman to ſee the Gardens. As ſoon as his Back was turned, *Cartouche* took off his Coat, his Hat, and his Peruke, and tying his Handkerchief about his Head, went out at another Door: The Officers who had obſerved only his Coat and Wig, ſeeing him in a Cap and Waſt-coat, took him for a Servant of the Houſe, and let him paſs without examination.

By this means, he was far enough out of their reach, before his Father came with two of his Sons to lay hold of him. When they came up, the Officers join'd 'em, and they went to the Place where they expected to find him; but when they ſaw nothing but his Cloaths, they perceived their miſtake, and ſtood ſtaring one upon another. The Father did not know what to do in this caſe. Some advis'd to purſue him, and endeavour to overtake him; and others ſaid, he was too far off to be purſued with any likelihood of taking him. So the old Gentleman went home to his Houſe, to ſee if he could have any Account of him there: But he met there freſh matter of Surprize; for his Son had got home while he was conſidering what to do, and had carried off his own Effects, with whatever

whatever he could lay hands on of his Father's.

So ſoon as he was in a place of Security, his firſt care was to diſguiſe himſelf, ſo as he might not be known. He painted his Face, changed his Name and his Gate, and forſook his former Haunts, eſpecially his cruel Beauty. With theſe precautions he ventured to appear abroad, and to follow his old Trade, getting into Crowds, and there looking out for a Prey. He happened one day to be in the Jeſuit's Church, where he had taken an *Engliſh* Watch from a *German* in the Crowd. Some body ſaw him, and when Maſs was over, took him aſide, and asked to ſpeak with him. They withdrew into a private Corner; *Cartouche* ſuppoſing it was ſome body he had rob'd, who deſigned to ſeize him.

Give *me my Purſe*, ſays the Stranger. *You muſt have it then*, ſays *Cartouche*, *at the end of my Sword. I am ſatisfied*, ſays the other, *I had only a mind to know whether your Heart was as good as your Hands: I find you have mettle in you.* Then he embraced him, and told him he had obſerved how cleverly he had picked the Foreigner's Pocket of a Watch: that he had a great value for him, and would give him good Advice;

in return for which, he desired only his Confidence and Friendship. *Cartouche* was not yet satisfied with his Comrade's sincerity; and believ'd him to be only a Spy sent to pump him for his Secrets, and then to betray him to some Peace-Officers that lay thereabouts. He kept himself upon his guard till his new Acquaintance left him, to go into a crowd of People, who stood looking upon two Men that were fighting together. *Cartouche* went on, but his Companion presently overtook him, and shewing him a Purse, asked him, if that was not worth the taking? He opened it, and took out a good quantity of *Louis d'ors*, and invited *Cartouche* to go along with him, and take part.

CARTOUCHE's Suspicions were by that time cleared up, and he followed his Leader, till they came to a House where they went up five pair of Stairs. They were there received with great Civility by an old Woman, who had two young Daughters. A Table was brought in, and a Cloth laid; the Purse was opened a second time, and the *Louis d'ors* divided. *Cartouche* took his share with the rest, and made a Present of his Watch to one of the young Women. After a hearty Dinner, which lasted till Evening,

vening, they began to talk about the honourable Profeſſion they followed. *Cartouche*, though he was then near Seventeen Years of Age, of which time he had been a Thief about ſeven Years, was acquainted with none of that Profeſſion in *Paris*, neither was he known to any of them. His Friend ſhewed him how much he was to blame for ſuch his Conduct; he laid before him the great inconveniency of being without a Friend, who when he was taken, might make a diverſion in his favour; or, who, when Buſineſs was ſlack, might draw a Crowd together, for the convenience of picking Pockets. He added, that though he might already have made ſeveral eſcapes, yet that was owing entirely to his good luck, which he could not always promiſe himſelf; and upon the whole, perſuaded him to enter into a Society of Three or Four, who would ſtand by one another.

THESE Arguments prevailed with *Cartouche*, and he propoſed to his Companion to enter immediately into a League offenſive and defenſive. His Friend was charmed with the offer, and propoſed for a more ſtrict Union, that *Cartouche* ſhould marry my Landlady's younger Daughter, he having already married the Elder. The Affair

was agreed on, and one might have ſeen in leſs than an Hours time, a Wedding propoſed, agreed to, celebrated, and conſummated. They did not indeed make uſe of Prieſt or Lawyer; but as theſe Alliances are generally of ſhort duration, there is the leſs need of formality in making them. This before us laſted ſix Months, abating for ſome little trips either of them made now and then, which they eaſily pardoned in one another, becauſe it brought Griſt to their Mill.

At the end of that time, his Brother-in-law was apprehended, and ſent to take a Sweat at the Gallies belonging to *Toulon*. His Wife and his Siſter-in-law fell into the hands of the vigilant Monſieur *Argenſon*, and were ſent to do penance for a long time. *Cartouche* made ſhift to comfort himſelf under the loſs of his Wife and Family; he had a ſtock of Money left, which introduced him into the Gaming Houſes, where he was well received, and knew how by his Addreſs and Dexterity to cheat ignorant Country Men, and raw young Fellows, who had more Money than Wit. His Courage here ſtood him in great ſtead, for by it he defended himſelf in the poſſeſſion of what he had acquir'd, however unjuſtly;

and

and got the Reputation of being Valiant, which was a Title did not belong to him.

WHILE he led this Life, he met with an Adventure which put him in a great Conſternation. He had Lodgings in *La rue S. André des arcs*, and kept two Lacqueys, to whom he gave good Liveries. One of 'em, who kept company with Wenches as well as his Maſter, robbed him of a Sum of Money for the uſe of one of his Damſels. His Maſter ſent him to Priſon immediately, and the next Day he was examined. He inſiſted upon his Innocence, and ſaid, he knew nothing at all of the matter; and that if there were a Felon in the Houſe, it muſt be he that had accuſed him. *Cartouche* hearing of this Story, was apprehenſive it might make an ill impreſſion upon the Judges; and that they would adviſe the Criminal to make good his Accuſation.

WHILST he was under theſe Agonies, and in doubt whether he ſhould abſcond or not, a Servant of Monſieur *Argenſon* came to fetch him along with him immediately. He went with a faint Heart, and waited in the Anti-Chamber, till the Judge was at leiſure. The Room was filled with Perſons who were ſummon'd as well as himſelf; and at another time he could have diverted

verted himſelf pleaſantly in obſerving the different Airs of Paſſion, Suſpence and Fear, that appeared in their ſeveral Countenances. Monſieur *Argenſon* came out at laſt, and heard two or three Cauſes. Then finding upon his Liſt the Cauſe of a Miller, whoſe Name he could not read, he called out, *Where is White Hat?* The Miller was in the Room, and knew he was called, but would not anſwer. The Judge, provoked at his ſilence, cry'd out aloud, *White Hat is fin'd a Noble.* He called him a ſecond time, and fined him four Crowns for his obſtinacy.

THE Miller after all this continued his whimſical ſilence; and tho' it was declared, *White Hat ſhall be fined Six, Eight, Ten Crowns,* he remained as mute as a Fiſh, till he heard he was fined ten Crowns: Then taking off his Hat, and throwing it over his head, he ſaid, *Well, White Hat, if thou art fin'd, thou muſt be ſo; I had much rather thou ſhouldſt pay the Money than I.*

THIS fancy made Monſ. *Argenſon* ſmile, and the crowd about ſmiled in complaiſance to him, as is uſual for inferiors to do. The next that came on was the affair *Cartouche* was concerned in, and he

was

was brought in by an Officer before the Judge. Then his heart and colour fail'd him; for he expected to have been examined upon the Depoſitions of his ſervant; but he was very agreeably ſurprized, being interrogated only upon a Duel he had been a witneſs to the day before. He took courage, and told all he knew. He was made to ſign his depoſitions, which were read over to him, and he was diſmiſs'd the Court.

AND thus he got off for that time, but he was not eaſy long. Some perſons whom he had abuſed at play, railed at him in all Companies, and beſtowed on him all the infamous titles that belong to a common Sharper. When they heard what his ſervant had depoſed againſt him, tho' without bringing any other proof, they made it their buſineſs to expoſe it as far as they could, as is uſual in ſuch caſes. They told the ſtory juſt as they pleas'd, added ſeveral circumſtances, and put the worſt conſtruction upon every thing, and they found others, who were weak or ill natur'd enough to believe them.

CARTOUCHE upon this met with a cold reception where ever he went, and could not be admitted into any good company. In this extremity he turned off his

Foot-

Footman, and diſpos'd of his moveables. After having made mony of every thing, he was reduc'd as a laſt ſhift to make mony of Men: that is to ſay, he got in with ſome Officers and Sergeants, who were then raiſing recruits at *Paris*, and was aſſiſtant to them in wheedling people into the Service. This employment, which maintains many lazy perſons in War time, proved a ſubſiſtance to him; and he had thruſt himſelf into another Poſt, the nature whereof I am now going to deſcribe.

HAVING found an opportunity of introducing himſelf into Monſ. *Argenſon*'s Family, he gave him to underſtand that he knew a method of diſcovering Thieves, and bringing them to Juſtice: Monſ. *Argenſon* having heard nothing of this but from one of *Cartouche*'s Friends, ſent for him, being willing to hear from his own Mouth what he had to offer. *Cartouche* delivered himſelf with a ſingular aſſurance, explained to him exactly the way he intended to take, and managed the matter ſo well, that he obtained a Crown a day to be aſſigned him for Wages. In this new office, he endeavoured to oblige the Lieutenant *des Polices*. He told him all he heard. He informed him of all the rob-

robberies that were committed, of the names of the Robbers, and of every the leaſt motion they made.

On the other hand, he was able to gratify his vindictive temper, and his ambition at the ſame time. None of his old Comrades eſcaped, who had ever affronted or provoked him; and he made friends of ſuch as he deſign'd to joyn withal another day, by taking care to give them notice to keep out of the way when any accuſation was likely to come againſt them. But another unexpected accident happened which prevented or at leaſt delayed the execution of his deſigns, and obliged him to quit *Paris*.

A certain Sergeant who was raiſing recruits, deſired him to procure five Soldiers againſt a particular day, and contracted to pay him a Conſideration for them. *Cartouche* took a great deal of pains, ſearched every Ale-houſe, Tavern, and diſorderly houſe, and could muſter up but Four, and acquainted the Sergeant with it. The Sergeant told him, he was ſorry for it, being oblig'd to ſet out for the camp next Morning; however he thanked him for his care, and promiſed to pay him before he went away. As it was a part of *Car-*

touche's buſineſs to ſee the Recruits a little way out of Town, the Sergeant deſired he would let him have his company next morning, at an hour appointed, which he made no ſcruple of promiſing.

NEXT day they met, and having eaten a good breakfaſt, ſet out, ſix in a Coach, and came to *la Villette*; where they had a ſecond breakfaſt, after which the Sergeant deſired he'd go along with them as far as *Meaux*. The Wine he had drank, had inſpired with a great deal of complaiſance; and ſuſpecting no trick, he ſuffer'd himſelf to be overperſuaded by his friend, and arrived at *Meaux* in the Evening. When they came to the Inn, they beſpoke a good Supper, and called for more Wine, and, having eat and drank plentifully, went to bed. *Cartouche* being tired with his journey, and full of Liquor, ſlept ſoundly till ſeven in the Morning. But he was ſtrangely ſurpriz'd when he wak'd to find his hands tied behind him, and five Men, that is, the Sergeant and four Soldiers, at his Bed ſide; telling him he was liſted and muſt riſe, and go along with them that inſtant. It was to no purpoſe for him to deny he had ever taken the King's Money, or drank his health. They ſwore as faſt as he, that all they ſaid was true, and that he muſt march with them to *Flanders*, or elſe

elſe expect to be worſe uſed. He then exclaimed againſt the treachery of the Sergeant, who had violated the rules of Friendſhip, and drawn him into this Snare, but he might as well have held his tongue, for they only laught at his fine flouriſhes; which was all the anſwer they gave him.

He reſolved therefore to make a virtue of neceſſity, and to follow the company with as good a grace as he could. They came to the Regiment in a few days, and *Cartouche* making a better Figure than the reſt, was taken notice of by the Captain. He diſtinguiſhed himſelf the firſt campaign by a regular attendance upon his duty, and his extraordinary courage on every occaſion. Theſe good qualities and the Freindſhip of his Officers ſoon advanced him; and his ambitious Spirit was full of hopes from the continuance of the War, had not Peace put an end to it. This unexpected change quite fruſtrated all his expectations; and he eaſily obtained his diſcharge, and returned pennyleſs to *Paris*, without knowing which way to turn himſelf.

Several Officers and Soldiers of the reduced Companies were in the ſame condition; who being either incapable of working, or unwilling to work, were brought

to the miſerable neceſſity of begging or ſtarving. Being acquainted with ſeveral in theſe circumſtances he inſinuated to them, that they had no way left to maintain themſelves but by robbery, and, as he knew the temper of moſt of them, he found it an eaſy matter to perſuade them, to what many of them had a ſtrong inclination to. Beſides he gained an aſcendant over them upon another Account; for, in his former Converſations with them, he had made himſelf maſter of ſecrets, relating to every one of them, which affected either the Reputations or their Life; ſo that none of them had it in their power to betray him, without expoſing themſelves.

THEN he required each Man to bind himſelf by the moſt ſolemn Oaths not to diſcover him, and to be equally faithful to his Confederates, ſo ſoon as he ſhould let him know who they were; and none of them made any ſcruple to oblige themſelves. He had now nothing to do but to bring them together, which he did one *Sunday* Evening, it being Moonlight. This was the firſt Chapter that was held by this new Order. It conſiſted of about Two Hundred Men, whereof ſome had been Thieves, and were ſent for Soldiers; others went

went for Soldiers, and became Thieves. They were either young Perſons who had broke out of the Seminary of *S. Lazare*, where they were ſent by their Friends to be chaſtiſed; or who had ſquandered away their Fortunes at Gaming Houſes; or had been taken out of Houſes of ill Repute, ſuch as no Man could frequent, without endangering his Perſon, or Fortune, or Conſtitution. There were alſo ſome Apprentices, who being tir'd with following an honeſt Employment, or aſham'd of the Character of honeſt Tradeſmen, choſe rather to follow the Profeſſion of the Sword, than to be induſtrious in a quiet Calling.

THERE were ſome indeed who were forced into the Army, which was the Caſe of *Cartouche* himſelf; and others, who had liſted themſelves out of meer neceſſity; but theſe were a ſmall Number. When *Cartouche* ſaw all his Companions about him, he wiſh'd 'em Joy of their good Reſolution, and encourag'd them by the proſpect of mutual Aſſiſtance, to be ready for any Undertaking. Then he propoſed to them to chuſe a Leader, and to make Laws which ſhould be obligatory upon every Member. This motion met with univerſal Approbation. The Place of Leader was conferred unanimouſly

unanimouſly upon him, and he was deſired to draw up the Laws, and to inſtruct the young Practitioners in the Arts of Rapine and Violence. They prayed him moreover to call a ſecond Meeting, where they might examine the Laws, and ſwear to a true obſervance of them. He did ſo, and they all diſperſt in profound ſilence.

WHEN *Cartouche* came away himſelf, an Accident fell out that ſtartled him. A poor Beggar loaded with Wine, and not being able to carry it any further, laid himſelf down in a Ditch hard by, and fell into a deep Sleep. When this nocturnal Crew came together, the noiſe they made awak'd him; and he ſaw by the light of the Moon, that they were all Soldiers, and ſhew'd an extraordinary Reſpect to one amongſt 'em. He tried to hear what was ſaid, but they ſpeaking in a low key, and there being a great many in the way, and in an open Place, he liſtned to no purpoſe. So he could not form a Judgment from what he ſaw; but as ſoon as the Company was diſperſt, he run after *Cartouche* as faſt as he could, crying out, *Save your Honour, good General, beſtow ſomething upon a poor Creature who is ready to periſh for want of Bread.* *Cartouche* thought by

that

that new Title, that he had been diſcovered; and asked the Beggar haſtily how he came to know him? *An't like your Honour*, ſays he, *I ſaw you ſurrounded with Officers and Soldiers, and ſuppoſe you muſt be* Generaliſſimo, *or at leaſt, Lieutenant General of the King's Armies. I beg your Honour relieve a poor Soul who is periſhing for hunger; and wiſh you Succeſs in whatever you undertake.* *Cartouche* could not forbear ſmiling at the poor Man, and giving him ſomething, returned to *Paris*.

A few Days after, he gave his Comrades a ſecond Meeting, where he read the Laws to them, which he had reduced to Writing; and made them ſwear ſolemnly to obſerve and keep them. He required of them a deſpotick Power to puniſh with Death any who ſhould infringe the Laws; and when they agreed to it, he ſwore on his part not to pardon any one, not even his own Brothers; whom, I ſhould have told you, he had found means to draw into this Confederacy.

FROM that time he applied himſelf to inform his Subjects, to harden their Hearts, and to make them nimble finger'd and cruel. He ſet them an Example himſelf, and in a little time nothing elſe was talk'd of

in

in *Paris*, but Robberies in the Streets, Murders, and Aſſaſſinations upon the *Pont Neuf*. Others of the Gang broke open Houſes, and ſcal'd high Windows with Rope Ladders. Another Party was appointed for the Church, where they pick'd Pockets of Handkerchiefs, Watches, *&c.* with their real Hands; whilſt they held up counterfeit Hands made of Wax, with Gloves on them, pretending to be ſaying their Prayers.

In this Condition was the City of *Paris*, from the Peace at *Utrecht*, to the Year 1719. Till then, their Profits, tho' they were very large, were not ſufficient to maintain ſo many Dependants. 'Tis true, one or other of them fell every Day into the hands of Juſtice, yet others as quickly roſe up in their room. The Money they took was not all divided amongſt them; for ſome of it was diſpoſed to Spies, and even to the Officers of Juſtice themſelves; who were to be treated and paid punctually every Quarter. They had moreover Perſons who melted down the Plate they ſtole; others, who diſpos'd of it afterwards; and others, who harboured it: or of whom they hir'd Rooms in ſeveral parts of the City, to receive the Booty as it was brought in.

All

All theſe People were paid out of the General Stock: They had high Prizes, and inſiſted upon being paid exactly to their time.

THIS was not all. They had ſeveral Women belonging to them, whoſe Buſineſs it was to walk the Streets, and to wheedle young Men of Fortune, Country Men, and the like, to private places, where ſome of the Gang would meet and rob them; and murder them in caſe of reſiſtance. Theſe Women were paid in proportion to the hazard they run; though now and then they would cheat them out of what they were entitled to for their ſhare.

THESE extraordinary Expences were great pull-backs to the General Stock, which ſometimes was not ſufficient to defray their incident Charges; and by this means their Affairs were often thrown into diſorder. They had in ſhort only one of theſe two Courſes to take, either to live by their Robberies, or periſh by their Honeſty; and they had not Virtue enough to chuſe the latter. About this time Fortune favoured them, for all the Money in the Kingdom being turned into Paper, the tak-

ing of one Pocket Book was a ſufficient Prize; and *Cartouche* himſelf got conſiderably by that Buſineſs, and ſhared the Profits with thoſe that were his intimates.

HAVING thus an opportunity of making ſuch valuable Booties with little trouble, they began to pluck up a Spirit, and to invent new Stratagems. If they obſerving a Man trading largely in the *Quincampoix Street*, they watched him till they came to a convenient place; then they either knocked him down, with a Stick they carried, that had Lead at the end of it; or elſe threw a handful of Duſt in his Eyes, and blinded him, and ſo dived into his Pocket. They alſo carried about them a Mask lin'd with Pitch, which they would faſten on the Mouth and Eyes of ſuch as they had Deſigns upon.

THE Highways were as unſafe as the City, and daily Attacks were made upon Coaches, which they ſtopt and robbed, tho' they had Guards attending them, on purpoſe to defend them. The flying Coach was robbed the 28th of *April*, 1721. near *Chalons*, in the following manner. They came up in Masks, kill'd the Poſtillion, and making

making the Paſſengers come out one by one, tied their Hands behind them, laid them with their Bellies to the Ground, and carried off Eighty Thouſand Livres. The reſt, which amounted to Two hundred Thouſand, they dropt upon the Road as they went along, leſt it ſhould retard their eſcape.

CARTOUCHE, not many Days after, committed a Robbery himſelf of the like kind with the former; he took one of his Companions, and a Servant, to ride out with him early one Morning. When they had got a little way on their Journey, he ordered his Companion to ſhoot the Servant for fear he ſhould betray them; and they proceeded on their way. They had not gone far before they met with a Coach, that had ſix Men in it, which they attack'd with their uſual Salutation of, *Stand and deliver.* Thoſe in the Coach had not Courage enough to defend themſelves, but delivered quietly all that they had about them, which the others carried off. When they came to a proper place, *Cartouche* killed his Companion, and made himſelf Maſter of the whole.

THESE Diſorders giving an alarm throughout *Paris*, the * *Guet* was doubled, and a number of Soldiers added to them, who kept guard alternately, and had an Allowance of half a Crown a Day.

TO theſe Precautions ſucceeded an order for all Vagabonds, and People who followed no Trade, to depart the City; and the Gun-Smiths and Sword-Cutlers were forbid to ſell Arms to any Perſon, without a particular Leave in Writing from one appointed by the Government. They moreover ſeized by order of Court, all the Arms they could find in private Houſes; but this prov'd of little Service. The Robbers gathered into Gangs in the Night, and drove whole Companies of the *Guet* before them. Beſides, ſeveral of the Soldiers were afraid of *Cartouche*, and others of them were Penſioners to him; ſo that either his Money or his Courage were always his protection.

IN the mean time, ſeveral of his Companions were apprehended, and among them

* A Company of Horſemen, who ride about the Streets of *Paris* in the Night time, in the nature of our Watchmen.

one

one *Joſeph L'Amy*, a *Jew*. He had ſtabbed another *Jew*, and murdered his Wife, for which he was broke upon the Wheel, after he had been baptized. If Report ſay true, this was not the firſt time he had changed his Religion, or at leaſt pretended ſo to do; for he had done it ſeveral times in ſeveral places. 'Twas ſaid farther, that he had a Wife at *Vienna*, and another at *Liſle*, beſides her whom he own'd at *Paris*. Strict ſearch was made after *Du Meſnil*, who had been *Cartouche*'s chief Officer, and a Comrade of *L'Amy*; but he was either more cunning or more fortunate than his Accomplice.

SOON after, *La Magdalene*, another of *Cartouche*'s intimate Aſſociates was adjudged to the ſame puniſhment; but he appealed from the Sentence to the Parliament. The determination of his Caſe took up ſome time, and he expir'd under the Queſtion, at the ſame time that his Captain went through it. *L'Amoureux*, a Wiredrawer's Son, was accuſed for aſſaulting one *Poulet*, a Jeweller, but was acquitted. Thoſe who were taken with him came off worſe, for they all ſuffered.

HITHERTO

HITHERTO none of them had named *Cartouche*, though they had been put to the Rack to draw a Confeſſion out of them. So unaccountably did thoſe Perſons who had trampled upon all Laws Divine and Human, adhere by a wild notion of Honour to the Oath they had taken, never to diſcover him. It was only known at that time, that there was a large gang of Thieves, but who was the Leader no one could tell; till ſome of them, overcome by the rigor of the Torture, or influenced by a ſenſe of Religion, began to mention his Name, and then it became ſoon publick, and was in every body's Mouth.

THIS did not interrupt him in a Deſign he had laid, as ſubtle and enterprizing as any that have been told before. He had got together Four Thouſand *Louis d'ors*, and had a mind to make as many more of them. To this end he made three of his Comrades put on their beſt Cloaths, and went with them to a Banker, deſiring him to give them a Bill payable at *Lyons*, for the like Sum. He drew a Bill accordingly, and they prayed him to give his Correſpondent immediate notice of it, becauſe

cauſe one of them was juſt going poſt for *Lyons*, and ſhould have occaſion for the Money ſo ſoon as he came there.

THEY had no ſooner done this, but they counterfeited the Bill of exchange, and one was diſpatched to *Lyons* with the counterfeit to receive there, as ſoon as the Letter of advice arriv'd; and the other two went to the Banker, as ſoon as they knew the Letter of advice was gone too far to be recalled. They ſhewed him the original Bill, and told him, that their Friends journey to *Lyons* was ſtopt, and deſired him to return them the Money, they paying him the difference of exchange. The honeſt Banker complied with their requeſt, and they went home Maſters of 8000 *Louis d' ors*: for their Comrade had received the counterfeit Bill of exchange at *Lyons*, and returned to *Paris* in three days.

THE next Morning he had like to have ſtruck as bold a ſtroke. He ſent a Letter to a young Abbot of quality, that there were ſeveral fine Houſhold goods to be ſold a good pennyworth in the City; and that he might have the whole for 80,000 Livres

Livres, which coſt, when they were bought, 160,000 Livres. The young Abbot, being juſt about furniſhing a houſe, went to the place appointed at three in the afternoon. He went up one pair of Stairs; and enquired for the perſon who had wrote to him, he was deſired to go up Stairs, he went accordingly, and they directed him up ſtill higher. This daunted him a little, however he went up till he came to the fifth Story; there it was ſo dark he could ſcarce ſee his hand. All of a ſudden, he ſaw a Room unfurniſhed and two Men walking in it with naked Swords in their hands. He turned about to go down Stairs, and ſaw two Men coming up behind him in the ſame poſture.

In this imminent danger, he had no Counſellor but his own fear. The Stairs had a Well in the middle, and there was a Lantern at the top of the houſe, and a Cord faſtened to it, which reach'd to the bottom. He laid hold on the Cord, and clinging by it, ſlipped down to the ground in a moment, and eſcaped without any other hurt, than a terrible fright, and the making his hands a little ſore.

THE Parliament provoked at ſo many crimes, and finding all their efforts ineffectual to clear the City of the Rogues that infeſted it, gave expreſs orders againſt *Cartouche*. They caus'd his Picture to be drawn, and ſent to every Market-Town in the kingdom, promiſing a reward to any one that ſhould take him. Monſieur *le Blanc*, Miniſter for the War and foreign Affairs, offered Two Thouſand Livres on the ſame Account. Theſe Rewards encouraged ſeveral Perſons to make ſearch after him; they were every moment at his Heels, and he was always in danger of a ſurprize.

ONE Day they were informed that he was at a Houſe in the *Rue de Seine*, and that it was eaſy to come at him. Preſently an Exempt, with ſome Archers and Soldiers, were commanded to go and ſurround them without any noiſe. So great a Reward as a Thouſand Francks made them exert themſelves; and the Affair went on ſo ſecretly, that no body gave *Cartouche* any notice of it; neither had he any ſuſpicion, till he heard a noiſe about the Door. He put his Head out

of the Window of an upper Room where he was; and perceiving he was walled in, and had no way to make off, he reſolved to ſell his Life as dear as he could. He faſtened his Door, ſet all the Chairs and Stools in the Room againſt it, and put himſelf in a condition to maintain the Siege.

THEN he laid hold of his Piſtols, of which he always carried three pair about him; he fired among the Archers, and wounded ſome of them; but his chief aim was to kill the Officer, whom he knew to be one that would not give him any quarter. Seeing that he had miſt him, he charged his Piſtols a ſecond time; and diſcharging them, killed an Archer. The Soldiers were provoked at this reſiſtance, and the rather, becauſe the Mob reproached them, that one Man ſhould frighten 'em all away; and reſolved to make another attempt, and incouraging one another to go up Stairs, they at laſt went up all together.

CARTOUCHE's Ammunition began to fail him, and numbers came in from every quarter of the Town; ſo that his Forces decreas'd in proportion as his Dangers

gers increaſed. He ſaw he had no time to loſe, and obſerving but one probable method of eſcaping, he ſet about it. He took off his Cloaths, which might have encumber'd him, or diſcover'd him; and getting up a Chimney, crept over a great many Houſes, till he found a Garret Window open, where he crept in.

THE Women who were in the Garret, not knowing what had paſs'd, ask'd him who he was, and why he run away? He told them he was a poor Debtor, who was purſued by Serjeants, and had been forc'd to take that way, to eſcape out of their Hands. The melancholy Countenance wherewith he told his Story, and the probability there was in it, made the good Women take compaſſion on him. They fetch'd him ſome old Cloths, with which he diſguis'd himſelf ſo, that he had the aſſurance to go into the Street, and to paſs thro' the Crowd, who waited with impatience, till the Soldiers in the Houſe had ended the diſpute, which of them ſhould venture firſt into the Room.

ANOTHER time he made his eſcape by a Trick ſtill more ſurprizing. He was in a Houſe delighting himſelf with a Wo-

man of pleaſure, where he was betray-ed, and heard the Archers coming up. It was Night, and the Stairs were dark; and there was a Cloſet five Story high, which he was acquainted with. He creeps up there, and carrying with him his faithful Piſtols, which always bore him company, he waited in expectation of their coming. He heard 'em, as was ſaid before, come up quietly, and ſay ſoftly to one another, *Now we have him.* They came up a ſecond Story, and while they were ſearching the Rooms, *Cartouche* came down without expreſſing any con-cern; and offering to go out at the Door, the two Archers who ſtood Centry, ask-ed him whether *Cartouche were taken? No,* ſays he, preſenting two Piſtols to their Breaſts, *Here he is*; and thruſting through them, he got into the Crowd, and eſcaped by the favour of the Night.

I will only mention one Eſcape more that he had, from ſome who came to ſearch after him at the *Gobelins.* He was there in company with a Friend; when one of his Spies came and whiſ-pered him that the Archers were at hand, that he was undone, for they knew him by the blue Coat he had on, which was

given

given them as a Mark to diſtinguiſh him by. He did not diſcompoſe himſelf at all, but ſaid to his Companion, *My dear Friend, you have a red Coat on, lend it me for a moment, I'll return it preſently.* The other, ſuſpecting nothing, complied, and they changed Coats; and *Cartouche* paſt among the Archers without moleſtation. When they came to the Houſe, they ſaw the Man in the blue Coat, and carried him to priſon; but he did not lie there long, for the miſtake was ſoon found out, and he was ſet at liberty.

THE Government was not ſo much taken up with the purſuit of *Cartouche*, but they found leiſure to look out after his Accomplices, and to ſecure them. One or other of theſe Malefactors fell into their hands every day, whom they did not ſuffer to lie long in Priſon. This put them upon contriving for their own Security, and putting in practice ſeveral Artifices for that end. Some put on the Habits of Monks, and others dreſt themſelves in black Coats and Bands, pretending to belong to the Church. This Contrivance was of ſervice to them on another Account, for by that means they inſinuated themſelves into all Companies.

Here

Here they learnt ſeveral Secrets, which they knew how to make a proper uſe of another time; and they could hear of the ſeveral Snares that were laid to catch them; and being forewarn'd, took care to keep clear of them.

WHILE they were thus taking care of themſelves, *Cartouche* their leader was no leſs careful of his own perſon. Having run thro' ſo many hazards and dangers, and ſeeing ſo many more traps laid for him, he began to reflect ſeriouſly on the condition he would be in, if he were taken. Theſe reflections daunted him, notwithſtanding his courage, and he could not get over the terrors and apprehenſions of it. However he kept all to himſelf, whether it were to avoid the ſhame of owning his fears, or leſt he ſhonld diſpirit his followers.

HIS intimate acquaintance could not help perceiving it, and, tho' they did not tell him ſo in ſo many words, yet they endeavoured to make Court to him, by adviſing him to withdraw from *Paris*, and to retire into the Country, for a little time, till the Storm was blown over. They even propoſed his withdrawing at a general meeting, and preſt that if he would not conſent, he might be

be forced to go. This motion cauſed different opinions in the aſſembly. Some thought he ought rather to ſtay in *Paris*, and to keep himſelf private; that this was much ſafer, than to go into the Country, where his Picture was in every Market Town, and People continually in queſt of him; and that he would certainly fall into the hands of ſome of them: and beſides, that, it would be for the general Intereſt, that they ſhould always have him at hand to conſult, upon any caſe of exigency; and ſhould have his example and courage before them to copy after.

On the other hand, thoſe who were for his withdrawing himſelf alledged, that it was impoſſible for him to be ſafe in *Paris*, and that if he ſhould by any misfortune chance to be taken, it would be a fatal blow to the whole confederacy; that when he was out of town, he would be out of the reach of his enemies; that it would be eaſy for him to find hiding places, where they might know how to apply to him; where he might preſide in their aſſemblies, give out his orders, and embolden them to any dangerous attempt.

In fine, this laſt counſel prevailed, and the whole Company deſir'd *Cartouche* to withdraw himſelf, and to give way to the fury of the Times. He pretended at firſt a great unwillingneſs, and made as if his compliance was only in condeſcenſion to their deſires, and to make them eaſy, and not for his own ſake. He gave orders that it ſhould be reported among thoſe of the Company who were not preſent at that time, that he was gone into the neighbouring Towns, to keep up the Spirits of the out-lying Strollers, and that he would ſoon come back. Then having given the neceſſary orders, and appointed Officers to act in his abſence, he retir'd to *Orleans*, accompanyed by two of his Followers, that fear'd no danger; one of whom was S. *Etienne* his Succeſſor.

The Kingdom at that time talk'd of nothing but what concern'd *Cartouche*. Every body's head was full of him, inſomuch that when a Stranger came into company, he was ask'd, even before Salutation, with an Air of Concern; *What! did you hear nothing of* Cartouche *abroad? Don't they talk of him? Has he not been ſeen? Is he not taken?* It was ſoon known that he was gone from *Paris*, and kept as far from danger as he could. This furniſh'd freſh matter of diſcourſe. Some were perſuaded he was gone, and others would

would have it, that it was only a Stratagem of his Followers, who rais'd the Story to conceal ſome Prank they deſign'd.

THIS doubt was ſoon clear'd up; for an Order came from above, directed to all the Magiſtrates in the Country to make ſtrict ſearch for him in all Places, under their Juriſdiction, and to take him dead or alive. The Regiments that were quarter'd in the Country had the like Orders, and no method was omitted that had any colour of probability. In the mean time he travelled all over the Country without being ſuſpected, and took care to ſpread falſe Reports, wherever he came, of the place of his Retrear.

THIS gave room for a great many Opinions, as to the place where he was. It was generally thought that he was gone to *Lorrain*, which was a Story of his own making; and, as ſuch Tales never loſe in the telling, ſeveral ſtrange things were told of his ſuppoſed Journey. It was ſaid that he was at the Duke of *Lorrain*'s Court, and had a little Office in his Scullery, and that he had been ſeen there by ſome Frenchmen. This was the ground of an idle Romance, that was publiſh'd at that time; wherein they made him in Love with a dirty Kitchin Wench, and related Adventures which exiſted no where but in the Author's Brains. At laſt, they finiſh'd

his Journey by ſaying that he went over to *England*, and from thence croſt over into *Holland*.

THE truth of the matter is, he went to *Bar* upon the *Seine*, where he took the name of *Charles Bourguignon*, upon the following Occaſion. There was an ancient Gentlewoman in the Town of that Name, who had a Son, that went to the *Weſt-Indies* ſome Years ago, and not having been heard of ſince, was thought to be loſt. *Cartouche* informed himſelf of ſeveral things relating to the Family, which he told the good Woman ſo artificially, that ſhe really believed he was her Son, and took him into her Houſe, and made him heartily welcome. This Trick was a double advantage to him; for he not only got into a good Houſe, and was well entertain'd without having any thing to pay; but it remov'd all cauſe of Suſpicion, which he would otherwiſe have been liable to for living ſo long in one place.

HIS own Followers knew no more where he was, than the *Pariſians* themſelves. This was owing to his prudent Conduct, and he found the benefit of it; for ſeveral of his Companions were put to the Rack to diſcover where their Captain was. If they had known and betray'd him, he had been abſolutely ruin'd. No body could have given him time-

ly

ly notice, or if any body had, he would have found it difficult to get off in a Country, which he had no knowledge of. So no body knew of him, but the Officers he had appointed in his Abſence; and they, being in the ſame predicament with himſelf, preſerved the Secret inviolable.

In the mean time, Three of his men were taken and executed in the place *de Greve*, The firſt was a Gentleman of good Family, in conſideration whereof his crime was mitigated, and he was tryed for coining falſe Money. The manner of his Execution was alſo moderated, and he was hang'd, on the 30th of *April*, 1721. About fifteen Days after, two young Men were broke upon the Wheel: they were both Apprentices to Tradeſmen, and had rob'd, one of them on the Highway at *S. Denys*, the other on that of *Verſailles*.

Upon this, *Paris* enjoy'd quiet for ſome Months; they committed only robberies; and ſcarce one murder was heard of, the Troop being out of ſorts by reaſon of the abſence of their Leader. His Miſtreſſes eſpecially were deſirous of his company, and expreſt a great deal of impatience till they ſaw him. In a word, his roving temper would not ſuffer him to live any longer upon his credulous Landlady, who was extraordinary kind to him, and where he might have liv'd ſafe and

eaſie all his days. He thought it ſcandalous for a Man of his mettle not to employ the Talent he was maſter of, to the oppreſſion of Mankind, and reproached himſelf for having ſpent that time in an indolent Lazineſs, which he might have made famous by Acts of violence or cruelty. He was greedy of gain, fond of oſtentation, and was daily importuned by his Followers to come amongſt them: ſo he ſet out for *Paris*, and arrived there, within ſix Months after his departure from thence.

As ſoon as his Companions heard of his Arrival, they congratulated him upon it in ſuch a manner, as ſhew'd the high opinion they had of him; and that they look'd upon it as a good omen, that he would appear at their head, and that they were to act under his Auſpices. He was in hopes, that after ſo long time he had been forgot, and the People were not ſo inveterate againſt him; and flattered himſelf that he might ſet about his Rogueries without moleſtation, at leaſt, with leſs danger than before: but he was miſtaken. Every one was afraid of his Name, and ſcarce pronounced it without trembling, and he was likely very ſoon to receive the puniſhment he deſerved.

At that time, if ever, he had an opportunity of raiſing new Levies, for the vaſt deſigns

ſigns he had contrived at *Bar*. The fall of Stocks in *France*, had been the ruin of many Families. Many ſaw themſelves, from the moſt flouriſhing degree of proſperity, reduc'd to the loweſt abyſs of miſery. As they owed their gains to unwarrantable Methods, few of them would have ſcrupled to have rais'd their Fortune by the ſame means; and would readily have embraced *Cartouche*'s offers, had they been made at that inſtant.

But he contented himſelf for ſome Weeks, to examine what had paſt in his Abſence. Every one gave him an account of his conduct with the ſame ſubmiſſion and reſpect, as if he had been an Arbitrary Prince; and he rewarded or puniſhed them, according to their deſerts. Theſe Acts of Sovereign Authority made him fancy himſelf a King indeed. He had Miſtreſſes and Flatterers, he had Money and Subjects; he made himſelf enemies by his Ambition; and like a King, he encamped upon his Enemies lands, that he might not be chargeable to his own Subjects. But to return to my ſtory, which this digreſſion has interrupted.

As he was informed that above 60,000 Livres had been expended in the ſearch after him, he had reaſon to expect his quarters would often be beat up; for which reaſon he thought proper to retrench his Expences as much as poſſible, and to ſave what he could againſt

againſt a time of neceſſity. To this end he diſpoſed ſeveral of his party in the beſt Families in Town, in quality of Footmen, or Valet-de-chambres, and he took ſuch meaſures as that he could bring them all together at an hours warning. This gave riſe to the report that was given out, as if he deſigned to make a general riſing one night, and to maſſacre all the rich Citizens in *Paris*, and the chief Officers at Court; that ſo in that confuſion, he might have leiſure to plunder when and where he pleaſed.

SOME did not ſtick to ſay, that he deſigned even to aſſaſſinate the King, in hopes of making an ill uſe of the miſerable diſorder, that ſuch a parricide would have cauſed. But I could never hear there were any grounds for this ſuſpicion, which is as chymerical as ſuch a project would have been; and *Cartouche* declared when in priſon, that no ſuch thought ever entered into his Head.

HE next proceeded to make new regulations, and to contrive how to ſecure himſelf againſt the attacks of the Archers; that he might no more be diſturbed by them, or be obliged to an involuntary exile from a place where he met with a thouſand agreeable Entertainments. To this end, he reſolved never to lie twice in one Bed, and engaged ſeveral Servants to admit him to lye with them by turns,

rurns, and to let him have Keys to open the Door at any hour.

A little after this, a Company of his followers committed a vile piece of barbarity near *Meaux*. The Magiſtrates of the Town had condemned one of the Gang to be broke upon the Wheel, and his body to be expoſed in the high Road. The reſt being reſolved to revenge his Death the firſt opportunity, and meeting a poor Woman of *Meaux* near the place, knock'd her down, and tied her to the Wheel, cloſe to the ſtinking carcaſs, which was half putrified, and running away, left the poor Woman in that miſerable condition. She lay there two hours, till ſome travellers came by, and unbound her; but they came too late, for ſhe died as they were carrying her home.

So many villanies as *Cartouche* was concerned in, either as Actor or Contriver, could not remain long unpuniſhed. He was ſenſible of it himſelf, and his midnight ſleeps were continually interrupted by an anxiety of Soul, and gloomy horror. He endeavour'd to divert them with other Amuſements, but his pleaſures were hourly interrupted by more ſerious reflections. He was ſtartled at the leaſt noiſe, at the ſight of a ſtrange Face, or even at the appearance of an Acquaintance. He thought his Friends were afraid of him,

and

and would discover him to get rid of him. Thus it pleased God to anticipate, by his own Justice, the Judgment of Man which was now coming upon him.

At last his Fatal Hour drew near, and the means he took for his own preservation, proved his ruin. Though he admitted many into his Troop, yet he did not indifferently trust all with his secrets; They were to pass through several Classes, and distinguish themselves by some notable exploit, at the least must have very promising qualities. When he saw them as deeply engaged as himself, and as profligate, they were taken to his Confidence, and called to his private Counsels. Neither was this the only means he took for his preservation: if any one proved unfaithful, or relented, or was but suspected of wavering, he used his absolute power either to kill them himself, or to condemn them to Death.

By this barbarous precaution, he brought that to pass which had been so often attempted in vain. He had violent suspicions, that many of his Followers designed to forsake him, and that some of them intended to save their own Lives at the expence of his. He had Information that a Soldier of the Guards who belonged to him, had an intrigue with a young Manteau maker, and that they were

in Love with each other. This Girl perceiving that her Sweet heart often brought her many preſents above his quality, ſuſpected him to be a Thief, and beg'd of him to confeſs it, and to quit ſo diſhoneſt an Employment. In ſhort, ſhe made uſe of ſuch Arguments as prevailed with her Gallant, and he endeavoured to draw off others of his Acquaintance, who were half inclin'd to follow his Example.

THIS little conſpiracy frighted *Cartouche*, and he thought the beſt way to prevent the Conſequences of it, would be to do ſuch an Act of Vengeance on the Authors of it, as ſhould terrify the reſt, from ſo much as a thought of Infidelity for the future.

HE ſummoned all his Comrades together, on the Night between the 11th and 12th of *October* 1721. and being ſurrounded by ſome of his Intimates, he called out the young Man he ſuſpected, and commanded him to appear. This unhappy wretch came before him, and he reproached him bitterly for his Perfidiouſneſs, and ordered him immediately to have his Virility torn off, and his Face cut, that he might not be known: then *Cartouche* himſelf clap'd a writing on his Stomach, importing, *that he, who had been ſo uſed, deſerved it, and that all*

Traitors like him, ſhould be ſo ſerved. But he had not time to put his cruel Menaces in execution, neither could all his Stratagems preſerve him from the fatal Stroke.

AMONG thoſe who executed his inhuman Sentence, was one *Du Chatelet*, a Gentleman of *Poitou*, and a Soldier in the Guards. He did not come home till the Morning after the Action, and his Landlady asking him how he came to ſtay out all Night, he made lame Excuſes, and had a concern in his Face as ariſes from an uneaſy Conſcience. This made an Impreſſion upon her, and looking upon his Cravat, ſhe perceived ſome drops of Blood upon it. Theſe Circumſtances put her in mind that ſhe had heard of a body that was found the Night before in the Suburbs of St. *Germain*, with the Face disfigured. She began to entertain ſome Suſpicion of her Lodger, and ſhe fancy'd he might be a Comrade of *Cartouche's*, and an Accomplice in the Murder. Nevertheleſs, as ſhe had known him a long time to be a civil quiet Man, her Suſpicion was ſoon over.

NEXT Night, *Du Chatelet* lay out again, and his Landlady's Suſpicions reviv'd. She was confirm'd in them when ſhe heard that a Man had that Night been thrown into the River *Seine*, and another had been murder'd

in

in the Street, having been rob'd of a Diamond Ring as he came out of a Tavern. Theſe things made her recollect other Paſſages of her Lodger, and ſhe was ſome time conſidering what ſhe had beſt do. At laſt ſhe prevail'd upon herſelf by conſidering that he might be apprehended, and ſhe accus'd as an Acceſſary, at leaſt might come into trouble for harbouring him.

SHE was acquainted with Monſieur *Pacome*, Aid Major of the Regiment of *French* Guards: ſhe waited on him, and with an air of Suſpicion told him the Story, conjuring him not to bring her Name in queſtion, which he promis'd her, and ſhe went away. Immediately he ſent for the Soldier and examin'd him. *Friend*, ſays he, *I am certainly informed, that you are one of* Cartouche's *Accomplices, and were concerned in the Murders, that were committed laſt Night. Therefore confeſs, or you are ruin'd. There is no middle way.* *Du Chatelet* was ſtun'd at theſe words, and could not forbear changing colour. However, he denied all, and pretended to ſhed Tears.

MONSIEUR *Pacome* was not a Man to be ſhuffled off ſo eaſily. He ask'd him a great many Queſtions, and examined him ſo dextrouſly, that at laſt he put him to a full Stop. He found by his Prevarications

that he was guilty, and with a ſtern Countenance told him; *Tho' I had no Proof at all againſt you, yet the Alteration of your Eyes and of your Countenance plainly manifeſt that you are guilty: it is in vain to deny it. Conſider only, that you muſt immediately tell me truly where to find* Cartouche, *or in* 24 *Hours you ſhall be broken alive upon the Wheel: and if you don't chuſe inſtantly, I'll chuſe for you.* This was ſpoken with an Air of Reſolution as made *Du Chatelet* tremble. After a little Heſitation, he confeſt all; and that he was to meet *Cartouche* at Nine next Morning, and if he could have a ſufficient Guard, he would deliver him into their Hands.

MONSIEUR *Pacome* loſt no time, but immediately commanded a Detachment of thirty Soldiers and a Sergeant to go along with him. *Du Chatelet* carried them to a lone Publick-Houſe, at the Sign of the Piſtol, between *Belleville* and *Menilmontant*, and ordered a Soldier to go in and ask whether there were any Lodgers in the Houſe. They ſaid there were none; hereupon *Du Chatelet* ruſh'd in, and enquir'd for *the four Ladies.* This it ſeems was the Watch word that Day; ſo the Landlord told him that he was welcome to go up, which he did, and took ten Soldiers up with him.

CAR-

CARTOUCHE, who went to Bed late the Night before, was not yet got up; and three of his Followers were taken out of their Beds. and delivered to the Cuſtody of ſix Soldiers. The Sergeant, fearing leſt *Cartouche* ſhould kill either himſelf or ſome of them with his Piſtols, made as if he did not ſee him, and cried out, *What bad Luck have we had?* Cartouche *is got away from us, and we have loſt our Labour.* This artifice made *Cartouche* think that no body had perceiv'd him, and he covered himſelf with the Bed-Cloths, and ſlipt down to the bottom of the Bed. The Sergeant, who was an old Soldier, waited only for this Opportunity, and clapping down the Bed-Cloths, ſeized him without making any Reſiſtance. They bound him preſently, without giving him leave to dreſs himſelf. Then they ſeiz'd his Piſtols, which lay charged upon a Stool by his Bedſide, and carry'd him, his three Companions and the Man of the Houſe before Monſieur *le Blanc*. This Magiſtrate ordered him to be carried naked as he was, through the City to Priſon, that every body might have a view of him; and could not forbear ſmiling to ſee *Cartouche* give one of the Officers a kick of the Breech, for laughing at him.

THE

THE News of his Apprehenſion cauſed an univerſal Joy, inſomuch that one would have thought every one was to have a ſhare in the Reward offer'd for taking him; which belonged only to the Sergeant and Soldiers; and there was like to be publick Rejoycings for the ſecuring this formidable Robber. It was thought a piece of News worthy the King's hearing, and the Courtiers acquainted him with it at his Levee. He expreſs'd a particular Satisfaction at it, and order'd him to be made a terrible Example of Juſtice. The Council, when they heard the Story, laid by their other Buſineſs, and talk'd of nothing but *Cartouche*. The *Italian* Players made a night Scene, called *Harlequin Cartouche*; and the *French* Actors played the Comedy of *Cartouche*, a Play written in three Acts, which they had kept ſometime ready by them, but durſt not act before. In a Word, a general Peace could not give more Satisfaction to the Minds of Men, than this remarkable Occurrence.

ON the other Hand, the Chamber that ſate during the receſs of Parliament, which had for ſome time been iſſuing out orders for the Apprehenſion of *Cartouche*, ſent to the Chamber of Juſtice in *Paris*, an Order dated the 10th of *October*, to enjoyn them to deſiſt from proſecuting this Criminal. In

this Order, they took notice, that they deſign'd to proceed againſt him themſelves with Rigor; that they had a right to have the Cauſe brought before them; as they had already cited him before them; and had been at the charge of catching him. This rais'd a Diſpute between the two Juriſdictions, which laſted many Days; and ſeveral Writings were ſent backwards and forwards on either ſide the Queſtion: till Monſieur *Amelot*, Preſident of the Chamber *de la Tournelle*, wrote on the part of the Parliament to the Counſellors of his Chamber, to take the Cauſe under their Cognizance. In the mean time the Lieutenant Criminal took *Cartouche* into his Cuſtody, having an Order to that effect from Court, directed to the Keeper of the *Conciergerie*, to which Priſon he had been committed before.

But I have broken in upon the order of time, that I might not relate by piece-meal the Diſpute between the two Courts. I will now reſume the thread of my Hiſtory. Soon after *Cartouche* was taken, a panick Fear ſeiz'd upon all his Followers. Many of them diſappear'd immediately, and thoſe who ſeem'd the moſt reſolute amongſt them, and had been with him in his moſt deſperate Undertakings, thought of nothing but how to ſave themſelves by Flight. Among

mong theſe were thirty Soldiers of the Guard, who abſconded the ſame Day, for fear *Du Chatelet* ſhould diſcover them as he had done their Leader. Many others changed their Regiments, that they might not be known, and a little while after, Monſieur *de Contade*, Major of a Regiment of Guards, produced to ſome Officers a Liſt of one hundred and fifty that were under his Command.

WHILE theſe things were acting abroad; *Cartouche* remain'd Priſoner in a Dungeon in the Grand *Chatelet*. One of his Hands was ty'd before, and the other behind him, and ſix Archers were kept in the Room with him Day and Night, who were relieved every two Hours. Theſe Precautions one would have thought ſufficient, but they prov'd ineffectual, undoubtedly by the Connivance of the Archers. This Criminal creeping towards the Walls of the Priſon, found Means with his Irons to try the thickneſs of them, and judging by the hollow Sound they gave, that there was ſome paſſage thereabouts, he thought if he could get into that Paſſage, he ſhould be ſafe.

AT the very inſtant he reſolv'd to make his eſcape by that way. The Difficulties he foreſaw in the Attempt, were very great; however,

however, he ſet himſelf to work. He could not, being in his Irons, tear away more at a time, than a grain of Mortar, or a ſplinter of Stone. Nevertheleſs, the tedioufneſs of the work did not diſcourage him, ſince his Liberty was the Prize. After a long time he had made a Hole big enough for a Man to creep through, and ſhew'd it one of his fellow Priſoners who was a Bricklayer, and advis'd him to bear him company in his Flight.

At ſuch Seaſons there is ſeldom much time ſpent in debating; neither was there need to perſuade a poor Creature, who expected in a few Days to be broken upon the Wheel, to chuſe the only Means to get out of the reach of it. *Cartouche* went down firſt, and the Bricklayer after him, into a place which they judg'd to be a Common-Sewer, into which the neceſſary Houſes of the City diſcharg'd themſelves. They concluded from hence that the *Seine* was near at hand, where this ſubterraneous Paſſage had a vent; and *Cartouche* was of Opinion to find out one of the Outlets, and to go out that way, which if they had done, they had both got off clear. But the Bricklayer ſhew'd him a Paſſage that he ſaid he knew, which would carry them to a

private Houſe of Office, whence they might eſcape with eaſe.

CARTOUCHE follow'd him, and they ſoon found out the Paſſage, from whence they aſcended, and broke open the firſt Door they came to, which opened into the Shop of a Box-maker. They had nothing more to do, only to break open this Shop quietly, which was no hard matter for People of their Occupation. But a little Dog, who was in the Houſe, made a perpetual barking, which wak'd the Maid Servant, who rais'd the whole Family by calling the *Guet*. The Maſter came down with a Candle in one Hand, and an old Sword in the other; but when he ſaw the two Men; he let fall the Sword and the Candle, and was glad to take advantage of the Darkneſs to get away; but the Dog continu'd barking, and the Wench crying out Thieves. He endeavour'd to pacify her by his Entreaties, and to quiet the Dog, by knocking his Brains out: but the Wench did not hear him; and the Dog being little and nimble, he cou'd not lay hold on him; nay, he would now and then creep cloſe to him, and bite him by the Legs.

AT laſt the *Guet* came up, and broke open the Box-maker's Door. The Bricklayer was ſeiz'd upon firſt, and *Cartouche* was

was found hid behind a Compter, where he had wrapt himſelf up as cloſe as he could. They were both carried immediately to their former Priſon, from whence it was thought proper to remove *Cartouche* to the *Conciergerie*, in the following manner. He was convey'd into a Coach, with an Exempt on each ſide of him, and was ſent away under a Convoy of eight Horſemen, and eleven Archers on foot. When they came to the Priſon, one of the Exempts went to get out of the Coach firſt, and leaning a little upon his Priſoner, *Cartouche* ſaid in a Paſſion, *You Raſcal, would you do me a Miſchief?* and was a going to ſtrike him. But one of the Archers taking him up in his Arms, carried him off to a Dungeon in the Tower of *Montgomery*, to be kept there till further order; though it was once deſign'd to have committed him to another Priſon where the famous *Ravillac* had been confin'd.

THERE he was faſten'd with a great Iron Chain, which came from the main Beam of a high Room, and was girt about his Body. A little after, ſeveral of his Comrades were carried to the ſame Priſon, and the Keeper of the Priſon *du Chatelet* was clear'd of them, being apprehenſive they ſhould make their eſcape from him.

The truth is, there were a great number of them, and every Day brought in new ones. *Octob.* the 31ſt. Five were brought Priſoners to *Orleans*. On the 4th of *November* following, Seven more were taken in the Foreſt of *Orleans*. Three Days after, Three more were apprehended in the Foreſt of *Senils*. In ſhort, one or other diſappear'd every Day, and ſeveral were taken in the Streets of *Paris*. Extraordinary care was taken that none ſhould eſcape. They ſtopt all Strangers in the open Street, and took them out of Coaches, and oblig'd them to give a good account of themſelves, and of what buſineſs they had in *Paris*. By this Means, many Robbers were diſcover'd, and on the 15th of *November*, 49 of them were ſecur'd in ſeveral Priſons.

IN the mean time *Cartouche* made no diſcovery. So far from that, that when any of his Confederates were brought from their Priſons to be confronted with him, he boldly denied that he knew any of them; and they in their turn, proteſted that they did not know him. When he was ask'd if his Name was *Lewis Dominique Cartouche*, he denied that too, and ſtood it out that he was *Charles Bourguignon*, Son of *Thomas Bourguignon*, and born at *Bar* upon the *Seine*. When they ſtill interrogated him on that Head, he

call'd

call'd for a Bottle of *Burgundy*, and ſaid pleaſantly, *My love to this Wine ſhews me to be its Countryman, and that I ſtill retain a Love for my Country.*

IN this manner he anſwer'd moſt of the Queſtions that were ask'd him, and he would ſometimes carry himſelf in the preſence of the Licutenant Criminal with leſs reſpect than became him. At other times he betray'd no Emotion at all. He had an Air of Courage and Intrepidity; his Converſation was chearful, and he took pleaſure in talking jocularly with the Archers that look'd after him; nay, he would ſometimes amuſe himſelf with ſinging obſcene Songs, and in teaching them to his Guards. Several People had the Curioſity to go to ſee him, having heard of the pleaſant Freedom that appear'd in his Behaviour. Some gave him Money, others pitied him, and offer'd to uſe their Intereſt to obtain his Pardon: In a Word, every one ſhew'd an unaccountable Affection for him; and there was a certain *je ne ſcay quoy*, either of Aw or Majeſty in his Countenance, as forc'd all who ſaw him, to pay him theſe Compliments. Several Ladies of the firſt Quality went alſo to viſit him, and were attended by two Exempts belonging to the High Conſtable. He receiv'd them with a pleaſant Countenance, and ſhew'd

an

an Air of Unconcern that ſurpriz'd them. One of them obſerving that he lay upon Straw, condol'd him upon it. *Madam*, ſays he, *you don't ſee all*: and lifting up his Legs, and ſhewing the Fetters that were upon them, ſaid, *What does your Ladyſhip think of ſuch Garters as theſe?*

THE Marſhal *Boufflers*'s Lady was one who went to ſee him in the *Conciergerie*, where ſhe found him ſinging. She was touch'd with Compaſſion to ſee him bend under the weight of his Chains, and gave him two *Louis d'Ors*. Monſieur *le Grand*, Author of the Comedy call'd *Cartouche*, viſited him alſo, and thinking himſelf oblig'd to give him part of the Profits ariſing from that Piece, made him a Preſent of 100 Crowns. I don't know whether he did not repent afterwards of his Generoſity: for in a few Days, that Play was ſet aſide; ſeveral of *Cartouche*'s Comrades having threatned to take Vengeance upon thoſe who had diverted the Kingdom at his Expence.

IN fine, there were few People in *Paris*, who did not ſee him in Priſon, and thoſe who did not go, were deſirous at leaſt to have his Picture. Several Gravers ſet themſelves to work upon it, and the little Poets made Ballads upon him, and both one and t'other

t'other had a prodigious Sale for their Works, as well in *Paris*, as all over the Country.

In the mean time, his Countenance ſeem'd one Day ſtrangely alter'd. Several Perſons had appear'd againſt him, and brought ſeveral new Accuſations, which he knew not how to evade. At laſt he came to himſelf, and reſum'd his uſual Confidence. But an Accident he had never thought of, put him for the firſt time under ſome difficulty. When he was taken, there was found in his Pocket, a Paſſport ſign'd by the Duke of *Lorrain*, and granted to one *Jean Petit*, a Merchants Son. This Paſſport, which he had forgot, or thought he had deſtroy'd, was ſhewn to him, and he was ask'd how he came by it.

He turn'd pale at this unexpected Queſtion, and made ſome Heſitation: at laſt, he ſaid the Paſſport belong'd to him, and that his Name was *Jean Petit*. Then his Father and Mother were call'd in, and ask'd whether they knew him. They affirm'd that they did, that he was *Louis Dominique Cartouche*. He was then ask'd what he had to offer; he perſiſted in his Denial, and ſaid they were all hir'd to take away his Life by falſe Teſtimony, that he knew none of them, and that he had never ſeen them before. But all his Artifices were fruitleſs. Many more

Depo-

Depoſitions were added to thoſe that had been before produc'd againſt him, and he was convicted of ſeven Murders actually committed; beſides other Aſſaſſinations, where the Perſons aſſaulted eſcap'd with Life.

FROM that time, his Courage began to fail him. He found himſelf on one ſide convicted of ſeveral Capital Crimes ſufficiently prov'd, and on the other he had no hopes of breaking his Priſon; and the ſtrict Guard that was ſet over him Day and Night cut off all hopes of eſcaping by any Stratagem. In this deſperate Condition he deſir'd Death; and endeavour'd to knock his Brains out againſt his Fetters. But the Archers, perceiving his Deſign, diſabled him from executing it, or even attempting it for the future; for they faſten'd a large wooden Block about his Neck, ſo that he could not lift the Irons to his Head.

BEING depriv'd of this way of deſtroying himſelf, he was furniſhed with another on the 16th of *November* laſt. As all ſorts of People were admitted to ſee him in Priſon, ſome, whoſe intereſt it was that he ſhould die without diſcovering them, brought him Poiſon, and found Means to deliver it to him, without being obſerv'd. He took it, and in two Days time was very ill. The

Lieute-

Lieutenant Criminal was ſent for, who brought a Doctor and a Surgeon along with him. They found him in a violent Fever, with frequent Vomitings. By theſe Symptoms they judged of the Cauſe of his Diſtemper, and adminiſtred him an Antidote. The following Days they gave him Broths and other nouriſhing things; and by the skill of his Phyſicians, the effects of the Poyſon work'd off, and he was cur'd.

WHILE he was ſick, the Curate of Saint *Bartholomew* went to ſee him, and offer'd to viſit him in Priſon more frequently, if his Viſits were acceptable. *Cartouche* anſwer'd him very civilly, that he ſhould be extreamly ſenſible of his kindneſs, and deſir'd it of him as a favour; and after this he liſten'd, or pretended to liſten very attentively to what this Gentleman ſaid to him with regard to his ſpiritual Concerns. One day the Prieſt happen'd to be called away upon buſineſs, and could not ſtay with him ſo long as he uſed to do. As he was going, he ask'd him whether he ſhould ſend him a Book of Devotion to read in his abſence, to which he gave an Anſwer which ſhew'd a great preſence of Mind. He had affirmed in all his Interrogatories, that he could neither read nor write; and he knew, that every Action of his in Priſon was

taken notice of and carried up to the Magiſtrates.

FOR this reaſon he acted always with a great deal of reſerve. He look'd upon thoſe who came to viſit him, to be only Spies upon his Actions, and he ſtinted himſelf every day to a certain allowance of Wine, for fear too large a quantity of it ſhould make him talk too freely. So he told the Miniſter, that he thank'd him for his kind Offer, but it was not in his power to make uſe of it, for he could not read.

THO' *Cartouche* ſeem'd to be on the mending hand, and perfectly clear from any effects of the Poyſon, yet the Proceedings againſt him went on without delay. He underwent three Examinations one after another, and tho' he would not confeſs any thing, yet the Proofs againſt him being ſufficient, the Judges paſt Sentence upon him. Hereupon the Parliament ſent down an Order for his Execution, dated the 26th of *November*, and the 27th in the Morning, he was put to the Queſtion. *La Magdalene*, whom we have mentioned before, and *Durand* were tortured at the ſame time, and told all they knew. But *Cartouche* did not diſcover one of his Confederates, nor own any one Crime except what he had confeſt before: namely, that he had committed ſome Robberies, and

kill'd

killed the Exempt *Pepin*, which he did in his own defence.

A Doctor of the *Sorbonne* was appointed to attend him as a Confeſſor, who endeavour'd to perſuade him by Religious motives, to declare his Accomplices; but his Arguments were as ineffectual as the Torments; and *Cartouche* rail'd at the Treachery and perfidiouſneſs of *la Magdalene*, who had been overcome by the eighth pint of Water that he had drank *.

On the 27th of *November*, about five in the Evening, *Cartouche* was brought to the *Greve*; which was the fatal Place, where his wicked Life was to be ended, by a grievous and painful Death. Scaffolds were erected on all ſides of the Place, and the Windows were crowded with Spectators, who had hired their ſeats for above a Month before hand. When *Cartouche* arrived there, and beheld four Wheels and two Gibbets, ſurrounded by Soldiers on Foot and on

---

* *The manner of his Torture was thus. He had a kind of Ruff tied about his Neck, which went up above his Eyes, and was ſo contrived as to hold Water. They poured Water into this Ruff by pints at a time, which he was obliged to ſwallow as faſt as he could, to prevent his being ſuffocated.*

Horſeback, he looked ſtedfaſtly upon the Tragical ſpectacle, without ſpeaking a word. But when he turned about, and ſaw the Hangman and his Servants, preparing themſelves for the Work, and diſpoſing the inſtruments of his Execution in order, it ſtartled him, and he could not forbear ſaying ſo as to be heard, *Tis a diſmal Proſpect.*

His Confeſſor thought proper to lay hold of that opportunity, and began to preſs him again to clear his Conſcience, and make ſome Atonement to juſtice by a free diſcovery of his own Crimes, and thoſe of his Aſſociates. But he recover'd himſelf that inſtant, and declaring he knew nothing againſt any Body, he mounted the Scaffold with an undaunted Courage. Then he caſt his Eyes round him to ſee if he could diſcover any of his Companions, who had bound themſelves by the moſt execrable Engagements to attempt his reſcue. But when none of them appear'd, he perceived they had forgot the promiſe they had made him, and reſolved on his part not to keep his Word, which he had given as ſolemnly, that he would never diſcover them. His former conſtancy quite forſook him, and he deſired to ſpeak with his Confeſſor.

HE told him he was willing to communicate ſome important ſecrets to the Judges; and added, that he ſaw Death that inſtant ſtaring him in the Face, and calling him with a dreadful Voice to confeſs his Sins and diſcover his Accomplices; and that this viſionary Terror had made him alter his mind. The good Father wiſhed him joy of the happy change, and cauſed him immediately to be carried before the Magiſtrates, as he had deſired.

HE began with an ample recital of all his Crimes; he own'd thoſe he had denied all along; and mentioned ſeveral, which had not been laid to his charge. He owned among other Things, that he was privy to the Murder of one of the Kings pages, who was killed a few days before he was taken. The Story was this. The young Gentleman had been to viſit a Friend at his Country Houſe, and coming back, was ſurprized upon Mount *Parnaſſe*, behind the *Chartreux*. *Cartouche* and ſome of his Gang were rambling thereabouts, and having ſhot him dead with a Piſtol, buried him half way in a Dunghil, and rode off with his Horſe and Money. Next morning a Gardner going along perceived one of the limbs of the unfortunate Gentleman, and immediately gave notice to an Officer. The

Corps

Corps was expos'd in a Church yard, and in the Evening ſome Paſſengers came by that knew him.

THEN he proceeded to declare the Crimes of ſuch as were in priſon: and directed them where to find thoſe that were not taken. Whilſt ſearch was made after theſe laſt, which took up ſome time, he retired with his Confeſſor into a corner of the Room. He begg'd of him to pray to God for him: He liſtened to his diſcourſe with Attention; and expreſt, on the one hand, ſo hearty a Repentance for his Sins, as edified the good Father; and on the other hand, a ſtrength of Genius which ſurpriſed him.

IN the mean time, the Archers, who were ſent to Apprehend ſuch as he had named, had made ſearch in every quarter of the Town, and taken a conſiderable number of them, whom they brought before the Judge. As ſoon as *Cartouche* ſaw them, he addreſſed them in the following terms.

'GENTLEMEN, you muſt not take 'it amiſs of me, that I have made a diſ-'covery to the Judge, of your Perſons and 'your Crimes. I have undergone the Tor-'tures of a cruel Queſtion; being deſirous 'to conceal you, had it lain in my power. 'But my Confeſſor has in God's name com-

manded

'manded me to clear my Conſcience by 'a free acknowledgment of all I know. I 'am now going to comply with his advice, 'which I do with the leſs Reluctance be-'cauſe you have broken the ſolemn Oath 'you made to Attempt to reſcue me at the 'hazard of your own Lives.

THEN he named them all one after another, and mentioned the particular Crimes of each Man; he alſo named fourſcore Perſons, who had lived in good Credit, but abſconded to avoid being brought to an Examination, which they not knew how to go through withal. He told moreover of forty Perſons, who were in the Train of Madam *de Montpenſier*, and waited on her into *Spain*, two of them running Footmen to the Dutcheſs of *Ventadour*. Next he named ſome who kept Offices of Intelligence, whoſe buſineſs it is to help Servants to places. He made uſe of theſe Women, to get ſome of his own Gang into Families, and to prevail upon the Servants to let him into their Maſters Houſes, when he was purſued or in danger.

AFTER theſe depoſitions, he proceeded to declare the Names and places of abode of his Miſtreſſes, and immediately Archers were diſpatched to bring them before him. There were three in all. The

firſt was a tall, genteel Woman, and made a modeſt Appearance. He called her his Siſter *Grizel.* He depos'd that he had had ſeveral Children by her, of whom ſhe had Murdered one; upon which declaration, and the proof he gave of it, ſhe was committed to Priſon. His ſecond was the Miſtreſs he had laſt kept Company with, whom he called his *Sultaneſs.* She came in with a great deal of Aſſurance, and very ſplendidly dreſt. He laid nothing to her charge; ſo they only cauſed her Head to be ſhaved in his preſence, and ſent her to the Houſe of Correction for Ten Years. The third and laſt, was one of the famous Fiſh-Women at *Hall.* She had always been his greateſt Favourite: however he did not ſpare her, but accuſed her for receiving and concealing his ſtoln booties. Upon ſearch, there was found at her Houſe a Watch and a gilt Cup, which he had delivered to her, upon this ſhe was alſo commited to Priſon.

In the laſt place, he confeſt he had left ſeveral valuable Things, at *S. Denys* and *Luzerche,* that he had hid Money at *Bievre,* and a large Portmantle at *Chartres.* He alſo deſcribed a place in the Wood of *Boulogne,* where they might find bundles of moveables, and among other Things, conſecrated Veſſels and Jewels. Perſons were immedi-

immediately diſpatched to look after them, who found every Thing in the manner he had deſcribed.

THIS long detail of his own Crimes, and thoſe of his Comrades, was made to Monſieur *Arnaud de Bré*, Counſellor and Regiſter, and took up the whole Night, and the following Morning. When it was over, and all Perſons, accuſed by *Cartouche*, had been confronted with him, he had the liberty of retiring with his Confeſſor, till two a Clock in the Afternoon. Then he was led to the *Greve*, where he received eleven blows on his Body. After this he was expos'd upon the Wheel, till he died, in purſuance of his Sentence. But in about half an hour, an Archer, at the deſire of his Confeſſor, got under the Scaffold, and drew a Cord that he had about his Neck, which ſtrangled him, without any body's perceiving it.

HIS Body was deliver'd to the Executioners Servant, with orders to bury it immediately: but he carried it to his own Houſe, where he ſhewed it for ſeveral days. It is incredible what numbers flock'd to ſee it. He made every one that came, pay a penny, under pretence of buying him a Coffin; who he ſaid, well deſerved it, on

account of the Religious Sentiments he expreſs'd in his laſt Moments.

It was ſold afterwards to the Surgeons of *S. Come*, who bought it for a diſſection. They alſo made a conſiderable profit out of the curioſity of the ſilly People by ſhewing it a ſecond time. Several Painters went thither, and gave Money for the liberty of drawing his Picture.

After *Cartouche*'s Execution, *du Chatelet*, who had diſcovered him, having been put to the Queſtion, was pardoned by the King. When he was offered, by order of the Duke of *Orleans*, to be ſet at liberty; he replied, that it would be better for him to ſpend his life in Priſon; that he ſhould there have an opportunity of repenting in ſome meaſure of his Sins; and by that means eſcape the rage of his Aſſociates, who had vowed revenge, and would not fail to Murder him, if he fell into their hands. He ſaid, as to the Penſion that was offered him, he deſired no more than 6 Pence a Day, which was enough for him to live upon, and was more than he deſerved. His requeſt was granted.

A little after, one *Balagni*, who went by the name of *The Capuchin*, becauſe he generally diſguiſed himſelf in the habit of a Fryer of that order, was taken in a Houſe in the *Rue de Tavanne*, and ſent to Priſon. This is he that we

We mentioned in the beginning of this Hiſtory by the name of *L' Amoureux*, the Wire-drawer's Son. He was not twenty Years old, and had once eſcaped Condemnation, as we there related; but he was not ſo fortunate the ſecond time, for he was broke alive upon the Wheel, in Company with others of his Gang. The Goods taken at his Lodgings were valued at 40,000 Livres, which were confiſcated to the publick Treaſury. But upon his Friends application, they were ordered to be reſtored to them.

ON the 8th of *December*, one *Ferrand* was apprehended, in a Suit of Cloths that were fit for a Perſon of Quality. There were found in his pockets all the Tools belonging to the Lockſmiths buſineſs, with ſeveral picklock Keys, and broken Watch Springs to cut Iron bars withall. On the 13th the Abbot *de la Mothe*, a Gentleman of *Poictou*, was ſtopt by a Conſtable as he was coming out of a Bagnio, where he had been to be cleaned and trimmed. He had lodgings in the Seminary of the foreign Miſſionaries, where he had been guilty of ſeveral Thefts, without being ſuſpected, inaſmuch as he had been robb'd, and in effect had robb'd himſelf. He happened to drop a Letter in a Hackney Coach, which diſcovered him. The Coach-

man took up the Letter, and read it; and finding in it such a mystery of iniquity as surprized him, he dogged the Abbot into a House, whither he fetched a Constable, and seized upon him.

The same day one *Durand*, who was concerned with this young Man, in receiving his stoln Goods, was taken in Custody, and a few days after they were both hanged. The Abbot *Jean Gaspard de la Mothe* was not twenty Years old, when he suffered; and he confess'd at his Death, that his keeping company with lewd Women had drawn him into those riotous Excesses, which had brought him to that untimely end.

The 16th one *Pelissier*, who had lived some time at *Lyons*, and insinuated himself into the favour of the best Families of the Town, was seized there by the Intendant, and sent bound to *Paris*. It would be endless to take notice particularly of all the Prisoners that were brought in. Every day makes new discoveries; and tis thought the number of those already known, amounts to above 800. This is certain, that the Troop is so far from being dispersed, that it subsists at this day, and wants neither Courage nor Numbers.

The very night that *Cartouche* was executed, and several of his Accomplices thrown into Prison; they had the boldness to summon

a ge-

a General Meeting at the Gate of St. *Anthony*. There they proceeded to the Election of a Leader; and made choice of St. *Etienne*, formerly Lieutenant General to *Cartouche*, and his intimate Confident. The new Leader immediately aſſign'd every one their reſpective Offices; and his Subjects as quickly repair'd to the Quarters allotted them.

THIS is what we have to ſay of the famous *Cartouche*. One may add, that he was poſſeſs'd of many rare Qualities which might have made him a truly great Man. He was a Man of Wit and Vivacity, and had a good Memory; an extraordinary preſence of Mind, ſound Judgment, and intrepid Courage. But falſe Notions of Honour, an exceſſive Love of Shew, join'd with a ridiculous Ambition, prov'd his Ruine. As for his Perſon, he was of a moderate Stature, being about four Foot and a half high*; and ſlender. His head was ſmall, and his appearance indifferent. Nevertheleſs, he had a robuſt Conſtitution, a ſound ſtate of Health, and was of a bodily ſtrength which very few can equal.

WE have been able to collect only theſe Particulars from the Memoirs that are actu-

* A *French* Foot is about 13 *Engliſh* Inches; ſo that by this Account, he muſt be about 4 Foot 10 Inches high.

ally

ally in our Poſſeſſion; and were willing to gratify the Curioſity of the Publick after *Cartouche's* Life, by preſenting them with this Eſſay. We are in hopes in time to procure ſome new Particulars; which we promiſe to publiſh when ready, by way of Addition or Supplement to this Work.

F I N I S.

Speedily will be publiſh'd,

Cartouche: Or, The *Robbers*, a Comedy: By Monſieur *Le Grand*, Comedian to the King: Tranſlated from the *French*.

Juſt publiſh'd,

THE Tryal and Conviction of *Patrick Hurly*, of *Moughna* in the County of *Clare*, Gent. before the Court of King's Bench in *Ireland*, on Two ſeveral Indictments. The one for Perjury, in ſwearing falſly that he was robb'd to the value of Twelve Hundred and One Pounds, Nine Shillings. The other for a Conſpiracy to Cheat the Popiſh Inhabitants of the County of *Clare*, of the ſaid Sum, by Colour of an Act of Parliament, Entitled, An Act for the better ſuppreſſing Tories, Robbers, Rapparies, *&c.* Both printed for *J. Roberts* in *Warwick-Lane*.

BRITISH MUSEUM 1000 71